

My Green Lake Story: Elaine Hoffman

For my mother Bea Hoffman and me, Green Lake Conference Center is our spiritual homeplace. My parents Harold and Bea Hoffman had been coming to Green Lake for over 60 years. They honeymooned there actually. In more recent years until my father's death in 2014, my parents had been volunteers and lived in BeeBee Court on the grounds for the summer.

It is always a joy walking the grounds at Green Lake Conference Center, filled with so many memories. I have been coming to Green Lake for over 50 years. Two years ago I visited Spurgeon Chapel, having heard that it had been renovated. It is one of the old-time hidden gems on the grounds. When my father, Rev. Harold Hoffman, was a volunteer at Green Lake, he faithfully collected prayer requests written on pieces of paper and left on the altar by visitors. Each week he sat with another volunteer and they prayed for every request.

The beautiful stripped down simplicity of the chapel touched and refreshed me. I saw prayer requests written on paper and left on the altar. Sitting on one of the wooden benches I was suddenly moved to tears as I thought of my dad's simple, faithful ministry of prayer in that space. Tears of grief and gratitude were a healing balm for my soul. In that space I felt not only the presence of my dad, but also gratitude for the communion of saints who surround us and remind us of simple yet faithful devotion to God demonstrated in everyday acts of kindness, prayer and service.



“For my mother Bea Hoffman and me, Green Lake is our spiritual homeplace.”

